THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER;
AND
West of England Miscellany.

No. VI.] MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1823. [VOL. VII.—N.S.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

(Continued from Page 68.)

* * * * *

As Ricciardo spoke he still walked on; and Cincolo observed, that without his guidance he directed his steps towards the *Palagio del Governo*. "I do not understand this," said the old man;—"by what argument, unless you bring one from the other world, do you hope to induce Messer Guelmo to aid Corradino? He is so bitter an enemy of Manfred, that although that Prince is dead, yet when he mentions his name he grasps the air as it were a dagger. I have heard him with horrible imprecations curse the whole house of Swabia." A tremor shook the frame of Ricciardo, but he replied, "Lostendardo was once the firmest support of that house and the friend of Manfred. Strange circumstances gave birth in his mind to this unnatural hatred, and he became a traitor. But perhaps now that Manfred is in Paradise, the youth, the virtues, and the inexperience of Corradino may inspire him with more generous feelings and re-awaken his ancient faith. At least I must make this last trial. This cause is too holy, too sacred, to admit of common forms of reasoning or action. The nephew of Manfred must sit upon the throne of his ancestors; and to achieve that I will endure what I am about to endure."

They entered the palace of government. Messer Guelmo was carousing in the great hall. "Bear this ring to him, good Cincolo, and say that I wait. Be speedy, that my courage, my life, do not desert me at the moment of trial." Cincolo, casting one more inquisitive glance on his extraordinary companion, obeyed his orders, while the youth leant against one of the pillars of the court and passionately cast up his eyes to the clear firmament. "Oh, ye stars!" he cried in a smothered voice, "ye are eternal; let my purpose, my will, be as constant as ye!" Then, more calm, he folded his arms in his cloak, and with strong toward struggle endeavoured to repress his emotion. Several servants approached him and bade him follow them. Again he looked at the sky and said, "Manfred,!" and then he walked on with slow but firm steps. They led him through several halls and corridors to a large apartment hung with tapestry, and well lighted by numerous torches; the marble of the floor reflected their glare, and the arched roof echoed the foot-steps of one who paced the apartment as Ricciardo entered. It was Lostendardo. He made a sign that the servants should retire; the heavy door closed behind them, and Ricciardo stood alone with Messer Guelmo; his countenance pale but composed, his eyes cast down as in expectation, not in fear; and but for the convulsive motion of his lips, you would have guessed that every faculty was almost suspended by intense agitation.

Lostendardo approached. He was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic; he seemed capable with a single exertion to crush the frail being of Ricciardo. Every feature of his countenance spoke of the struggle of passions, and the terrible egotism of one who would sacrifice even himself to the establishment of his will; his black eyebrows were scattered, his grey eyes deep set and scowling, his look at once stern and haggard. A smile seemed never to have disturbed the settled scorn which his lips expressed; his high forehead, already becoming bald, was marked by a

thousand contradictory lines. His voice was studiously restrained as he said: "Wherefore do you bring that ring?"—Ricciardo looked up and met his eye, which glanced fire as he exclaimed—"Despina!" He seized her hand with a giant's grasp:—"I have prayed for this night and day, and thou art now here! Nay, do not struggle; you are mine; for by my salvation I swear that thou shalt never again escape me." Despina replied calmly—"Thou mayest well believe that in thus placing myself in thy power I do not dread any injury thou canst inflict upon me,—or I were not here. I do not fear thee, for I do not fear death. Loosen thy hold, and listen to me. I come in the name of those virtues that were once thine; I come in the name of all noble sentiment, generosity, and ancient faith; and I trust that in listening to me your heroic nature will second my voice, and that Lostendardo will no longer rank with those whom the good and great never name but to condemn."

Lostendardo appeared to attend little to what she said. He gazed on her with triumph and malignant pride; and if he still held her, his motive appeared rather the delight he felt in displaying his power over her, than any fear that she would escape. You might read in her pale cheek and glazed eye, that if she feared, it was herself alone that she mistrusted; that her design lifted her above mortal dread, and that she was as impassive as the marble she resembled, to any event that did not either advance or injure the object for which she came. They were both silent, until Lostendardo leading her to a seat, and then standing opposite to her, his arms folded, every feature dilated by triumph, and his voice sharpened by agitation, said: "Well, speak! What wouldst thou with me?"—"I come to request, that if you cannot be induced to assist Prince Corradino in the present struggle, you will at least stand neutral, and not oppose his advance to the kingdom of his ancestors." Lostendardo laughed. The vaulted roof repeated the sound, but the harsh echo, though it resembled the sharp cry of an animal of prey whose paw is on the heart of its enemy, was not so discordant and dishuman as the laugh itself. "How," he asked, "dost thou pretend to induce me to comply? This dagger," and he touched the hilt of one, that was half concealed in his vesture, "is yet stained by the blood of Manfred; ere long it will be sheathed in the heart of that foolish boy."

Despina conquered the feeling of horror these words inspired, and replied: "Will you give me a few minutes' patient hearing?"—"I will give you a few minutes' hearing, and if I be not so patient as in the Palagio Reale, fair Despina must excuse me. Forbearance is not a virtue to which I aspire."—"Yes, it was in the Palagio Reale at Napies, the palace of Manfred, that you first saw me. You were then the bosom friend of Manfred, selected by that choice specimen of humanity as his confidant and counsellor. Why did you become a traitor? Start not at that word: if you could hear the united voice of Italy, and even of those who call themselves your friends, they would echo that name. Why did you thus degrade and belie yourself? You call me the cause, yet I am most innocent. You saw me at the court of your master, an attendant on Queen Sibilla, and one who unknown to herself had already parted with her heart, her soul, her will, her entire being, an involuntary sacrifice at the shrine of all that is noble and divine in human nature. My spirit worshipped Manfred as a saint, and my pulses ceased to beat when his eye fell upon me. I felt this, but I knew it not. You awoke me from my dream. You said that you loved me, and you reflected in too faithful a mirror my own emotions: I saw myself and shuddered. But the profound and eternal nature of my passion saved me. I loved Manfred. I loved the sun because it enlightened him; I loved the air that fed him; I deified myself for that my heart was the temple in which he resided. I devoted myself to Sibilla, for she was his wife, and never in

thought or dream degraded the purity of my affection towards him. For this you hated him. He was ignorant of my passion; my heart contained it as a treasure which you having discovered came to rifle. You could more easily deprive me of life than my devotion for your king, and therefore you were a traitor.

"Manfred died, and you thought that I had then forgotten him. But love would indeed be a mockery if death were not the most barefaced cheat. How can he die who is immortalized in my thoughts—my thoughts, that comprehend the universe, and contain eternity in their graspings? What though his earthly vesture is thrown as a despised weed beside the verde, he lives in my soul as lovely, as noble, as entire, as when his voice awoke the mute air: nay, his life is more entire, more true. For before, that small shrine that encased his spirit was all that existed of him; but now, he is a part of all things; his spirit surrounds me, interpenetrates; and divided from him during his life, his death has united me to him for ever."

The countenance of Lostendardo darkened fearfully.—When she paused, he looked black as the sea before the heavily charged thunder clouds that canopy it dissolve themselves in rain. The tempest of passion that arose in his heart seemed too mighty to admit of swift manifestation; it came slowly up from the profoundest depths of his soul, and emotion was piled upon emotion before the lightning of his anger sped to its destination. "Your arguments, eloquent Despina," he said, "are indeed unanswerable. They work well for your purpose. Corradino is I hear at Pisa: you have sharpened my dagger; and before the air of another night rust it, I may by deeds have repaid your insulting words."

To be continued.

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A STROKE of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden, when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! "When I have a grand design," says, he, "I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must purge the belly!" Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers have unquestionably enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as "an excellent recipe for writing." Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet: he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of the mind and body!

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man; the laws which regulate the visible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in "dust to dust;" the other as successfully gets rid of our body altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr. Gregory, in his lectures "on the duties and qualifica-

tions of a physician," that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as an union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult, while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected, in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers; the one having the care of our exterior organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts distressed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidget*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of our acquaintance was earnestly intreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a sturdy asserter of the materiality of our nature; he declared that her disorder was *atmospherical*. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was re-acting on her mind; the physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her half-lost senses. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on, and re-acts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with "the blue pill," or any other in vogue. Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself "professor of the passions," gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum, by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some, perhaps, had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO HEAD!

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more.

SHAKSPEARE.

I HATE the man who can never see more than one side of the question—who has but a single idea, and that perhaps erroneous, but I forget not the "*audi alteram partem*." I can plead my own cause, but I have not given myself a retaining fee; I am therefore open to conviction, and forward to acknowledge all that may be reasonably claimed by my opponents. Candour and liberality are my motto, in the spirit of which I begin with confessing, that there are occasions when that bulbous excrescence termed a head may be deemed a handy appendage. As a peg to hang hats on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs; or a milliner's for showing off bonnets—as a target for shooting at which rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff box or a chatter-box—as a machine for stretching

nightcaps, or fitting into a guillotine, or for shaking when we have nothing to say: in all these capacities it is indisputably a most useful piece of household furniture. Yet, as far as my own experience goes, its inconveniences so fearfully predominate over its accommodations, that if I could not have been born a column without any capital, made compact and comfortable by an ante-natal decollation, I would at least have chosen to draw my first breath among

"The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders"—

that by carrying mine adversary in this manner, locked up as it were in mine own chest, I might keep him in as good subjection as St. Patrick did when he swam across the Liffey, and be the better enabled to stomach whatever miseries he might entail upon me.

Away with the hackneyed boast so pompously put forth by simpletons who have no pretensions to the distinction they claim for the race—that man only has a reasoning head. *Tant pis pour lui.* If he possess this fine privilege he treats it as worldlings sometimes do their fine clothes—he values it so highly that he has not the heart to use it, or shew it in his conduct. His reason lies in the wardrobe of his brain till it becomes moth eaten, or if he exert it at all, it is that it may commit a moral suicide and try to get rid of itself. Never so happy as when he can escape from this blessing, he dozes away as much of it as he can in sleep—or blows out his highly vaunted brains every evening with a bottle of port wine—or tells you, with a paviour's sigh, that the happiest man is the laughing lunatic who finds his straw-crown and joint-stool throne a most delightful exchange for all the vanity and vexation of irrational reason. Now, if a man could but leave off at his neck—make his shoulders the *ultima Thule* of his figure—convert himself into a pollard, all this would be accomplished at once. He would not belong to either the family of the Longheads or the Wrongheads; he would be neither headstrong nor headlong; he could not be over head and ears in debt or in love; head-ach, and face-ach, and tooth-ach, and ear-ach, would be to him as gorgons and griffins, and harpies—imaginary horrors; opthalmick medicines he needs not; he neither runs his head into danger nor against a wall, and whether corn be high or low—rents paid or unpaid—the five per cents. reduced to four, or the three per cents. to nothing, he cares not, for there is no earthly matter about which he can trouble his head. A chartered libertine, he laughs (in his sleeve) at kings and parliaments; the wandering Jew, St. Leon, or Melmoth were not more impassive; guillotines and new drops have for him no more terrors than has a thumbscrew for a sprat, or light boots for an oyster; Jack Ketch and the Headsman are no more formidable to him than are the Centaurs and Amazons to us.—"Let the gall'd jade wince, his withers are unwrung." The happy headless rogue pays neither powder nor capitation tax. The London Tavern and the Crown and Anchor are his patrimonial kitchens, wherein he alone may reckon without his host. All ordinaries are at his mercy; he may gorge with his friends until the revel route be dispersed by the watchmen. "The sloe-juice and ratsbane, and such kind of stuff," be it ever so villainous, can never got up into his brain, and as to the reckoning in all these cases, it is so much *a-head*—and what is that to him?

It may be thought that I have said enough upon this no-head, but I cannot refrain from adding, that a man thus happily truncated would possess immense advantages over his companions, should the guardians of the night break in upon his symposia as I have imagined, for he could not be tweaked by the nose, nor thrust out head and shoulders; although he might tumble down stairs without any risk of breaking his neck or fracturing his skull. During life he might

play as many pranks as Yorick the king's jester, and after death no Hamlet could say over his remains—"Why, will he suffer this knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Plato's Atlantis, and Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia, and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, would all be realised in the felicitous life of such a being as I have suggested. But methinks I hear my readers exclaim, what happiness is there without love, and where would such an animal find a mistress? Do we not already hear husbands often complaining that their wives have no heads, and *vice versa?* Besides, might he not seek the original "good woman," of whom a decapitated likeness is suspended at a public-house sign at Shoreditch, and another at Walworth, neither of which did I ever pass in my suburban rambles without many partial yearnings, and longings, and aspirations? These were the only beatific visions that ever identified to me the conception of the novelists and dramatists—Love at first sight. That stump of a neck is irresistible. In the event of a marriage thus constituted, some difficulty might occur as to the responses, but it could be obviated by signs as in the unions of our deaf and dumb, not by a nod or shake of the head indeed, but by some equally intelligible indication; and methinks I could rival Catullus himself in composing an epithalamium for such a nuptial pair, for I might safely predicate that they would never lay their heads together to hatch mischief, nor run them against one another in anger, nor lose their time in kissing, nor fall together by the ears. No fear of Blackcoards in this happy state, which, if it could be universally accomplished, would at once restore to us the Saturnia regna—the golden age—the millennium.

Curious, and timid, and jealous people, are perpetually on the watch to oppose every improvement as revolution and innovation; and by some such I expect to be told that my project is jacobinical, as tending to make the profane vulgar independent of those legitimate correctives—the axe and the halter; but I cannot see the matter in this light. John Bull, we are sometimes told, is like a restive horse—give him his head and he runs to the devil; but, by my proposition, the common people will never be able to make head at all, whatever be their provocations, so that I really consider myself entitled to the great prize from the members of the Holy Alliance. Other cavillers may urge that it would be injurious to the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of literature, as if the brains could not exist any where but in the head! Bulton, no ignoramus in such matters, was decidedly of opinion that the stomach was the seat of thought. Persius dubs it a Master of Arts,

"Magister Artium,
Ingenique largitor venter."

We have it on the powerful authority of Menenius Agrippa, a grave Roman, that the belly once maintained an argumentative colloquy with the members. Ventriloquism is yet in its infancy, but who should limit its eloquence were it cultivated from necessity? So satisfied are we of the reflecting disposition of this portion of our economy, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal, *par excellence*. Why might not our clergy, instead of dividing their discourses into heads—Cephalic, Polycephalic, and Hydriform, which always afflicts me with a Cephalalgy—spin the thread of their sermons, like the spider's, from the stomach instead of the head, and apportion them under the titles of the peristaltic motion, the epigastric, the hypochondric, and the colon—names as sonorous and classical as those of the Muses, with which Herodotus has baptised his respective chapters? Even constituted as we now are, with head quarters already provided for the brains, will any one deny that an Opera dancer's are in his heels, or that Shakspeare had not a similar conviction when he makes one of his characters exclaim,

"Hence will I drag thee headlong, by the heels,
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave?"

Does he not, moreover, distinctly mark the seat of pride and aspiring talent, when he says of Wolsey,

"He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach—ever ranking
Himself with princes."

But I have said enough. If the reader be satisfied that I am suggesting a prodigious improvement, I have carried my point: if he be not, I deny that he has a rational head, and thus establish my argument. Here are the two horns of a dilemma, which, if he will continue to wear his superhumeral callosity in spite of my admonitions, may supply it a fitting decoration; and so having conducted him to the same predicament as Falstaff in Windsor Forest, I leave him to moonlight and the fairies.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

(By the Author of Waverley.)

Of the fertile Genius of the North, which has produced another picture of the manners of a distant age, it could now be hardly anything but tautology to discuss the character. The extraordinary popularity which has followed it, and the high rank to which it has raised a particular species of literature, afford sufficient grounds for judgment; and however unequal different minds may estimate different works to be, there can be but one general result, namely, that the whole exhibit a mind of the richest endowments, and have established a fame of the highest moral, literary, and intellectual *caste*. These considerations induce us rather to gratify the public with as ample an account as we can of the novelty, than to indulge in our own critical propensities. It will farther be easy to gather our sentiments as we proceed.

This novel begins about the year 1658, and presents to us Sir Geoffery Peveril of the Peak, (by far the best drawn character in the piece,) a sturdy cavalier descended from the bastard son of William the Conqueror, settled at Martindale Castle in Derbyshire, with estates and fortune sadly dilapidated in consequence of royalist sufferings in the civil wars. At Moultrassie Hall very near to him, resides Ralph Bridgenorth, descended from a Leicester brewer, a presbyterian, and greatly benefited by the political causes which had contributed to the injury of his aristocratic neighbour, of whom he is a principal creditor. In the midst of the contests, however, which distracted the country, and in spite of their opposite opinions, Bridgenorth had befriended Sir Geoffrey, who was his old schoolfellow and playmate, and good-will subsists between the families.

The house of Peveril has an heir in Julian, a bold boy of three or four years of age, and drawn exceedingly like the young Buccleugh of Sir Walter Scott; while the more prosperous Bridgenorth loses all his children except an infant, Alice, whose birth at this epoch costs the life of her delicate mother. The father is utterly disconsolate, and hopeless of saving the last pledge of his union, when the amiable Lady Peveril interposes, and takes the baby under her charge to Martindale Castle. The description here is very pretty and affecting.

The restoration of Charles, which at first put an end to "civil dudgeon," raises the expectations of Sir Geoffrey, but does not improve his fortunes; and the various shapes of relation into which public affairs cast the neighbours in Derbyshire, are dwelt upon nearly throughout the first volume, which we do not find very interesting, though no doubt descriptive of those changeable times. In the end, Bridgenorth and Peveril quarrel, and Alice is taken from her kind protectress, and disposed of with her attendant, Deborah Debbitch, no one knows where. The ground of quarrel is the appearance at Martindale of the famous Lady of Latham, Louise de Tremouille, the Roman Catholic Coun-

tess of Derby, who is pursued by a court faction for the execution (denounced as the murder) of Colonel Christian, whom she had condemned in her capacity of Sovereign of the Isle of Man, and immediately put to death. Even the services of her husband, who perished on the scaffold at Bolton-le-Moors, are insufficient to protect her; and Geoffrey, in aiding her escape, comes into violent conflict with Bridgenorth, one of her most inveterate pursuers: This springs from his wife's having been the sister of Christian, and a deep desire for revenge no one who had shed the blood of the saints. The Countess, however, reaches the Isle of Man, and except a heavy mulct, is no farther assailed by the government. But her offence is not forgotten by the aggrieved party, and not only Bridgenorth, but his brother in law, Edward Christian, study with a determined perseverance how to requite the death of their murdered relative.

A period of years are now overleapt, and we find Julian Peveril, the hero, a fine young man, who had travelled with his kinsman, the youthful Earl of Derby, and now remains with him at his mother's castle in Man. Hither, it also turns out, Alice had been removed, and occupies, with Deborah, a retired mansion of her late uncle; and here Julian encounters her, and a mutual passion ensues. But Alice has had the resolution to forbid his visits, when the following scene is described:—

"When Alice Bridgenorth entered, at length, the parlour where her anxious lover had so long expected her, it was with a slow step, and a composed manner. Her dress was arranged with an accurate attention to form, which at once enhanced the appearance of its puritanic simplicity, and struck Julian as a bad omen; for although the time bestowed upon the toilette may, in many cases, intimate the wish to appear advantageously at such an interview, yet a ceremonious arrangement of attire is very much allied with formality, and a preconceived determination to treat a lover with cold politeness.

"The sad-coloured gown—the pinched and plaited cap, which carefully obscured the profusion of long dark-brown hair—the small ruff, and the long sleeves, would have appeared to great disadvantage on a shape less graceful than Alice Bridgenorth's; but an exquisite form, though not as yet sufficiently rounded in the outlines to produce the perfection of female beauty, was able to sustain and give grace even to this unbecoming dress. Her countenance, fair and delicate, with eyes of hazel, and a brow of alabaster, had, notwithstanding, less regular beauty than her form, and might have been justly subjected to criticism. There was, however, a life and spirit in her gaiety, and a depth of sentiment in her gravity, which made Alice, in conversation with the very few persons with whom she associated, so fascinating in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance—so touching, also, in her simplicity and purity of thought, that brighter beauties might have been overlooked in her company. It was no wonder, therefore, that an ardent character like Julian, influenced by these charms, as well as by the secrecy and mystery attending his intercourse with Alice, should prefer the recluse of the Black-Fort to all others with whom he had become acquainted in general society.

"His heart beat high as she came into the apartment, and it was almost without an attempt to speak that his profound obeisance acknowledged her entrance.

"'This is a mockery Master Peveril,' said Alice, with an effort to speak firmly, which yet was disconcerted by a tremulous inflection of voice—'a mockery, and a cruel one. You come to this lone place, inhabited only by two women, too simple to command your absence—too weak to enforce it—you come, in spite of my earnest request—to the neglect of your own time—to the prejudice, I may fear, of my character—you abuse

the influence you possess over the simple person to whom I am intrusted—All this you do, and think to make it up by low reverences and constrained courtesy! Is this honourable, or is it fair?—Is it,' she added, after a moment's hesitation—'is it kind?'

"The tremulous accent fell especially on the last word she uttered, and in a slow tone of gentle reproach, which went to Julian's heart.

"'If,' said he, 'there was a mode by which, at the peril of my life, Alice, I could shew my regard—my respect—my devoted tenderness—the danger would be dearer to me than ever was pleasure."

"'You have said such things often,' said Alice, 'and they are such as I ought not to hear. I have no tasks to impose on you—no enemies to be destroyed—no need or desire of protection—no wish, Heaven knows, to expose you to danger—It is your visits here alone to which danger attaches. You have but to rule your own wilful temper—to turn your thoughts and your cares elsewhere, and I can have nothing to ask—nothing to wish for. Use your own reason—consider the injury you do yourself—the injustice you do us—and let me, once more, in fair terms, entreat you to absent yourself from this place—till—till'

"She paused, and Julian eagerly interrupted her,—'Till when, Alice?—till when?—impose on me any length of absence which your severity can inflict, short of a final separation—Say begone for years, but return when those years are over; and, slow and wearily as they must pass away still the thought that they must at length have their period, will enable me to live through them. Let me then, conjure thee, Alice, to name a date—to fix a term—to say till when.'

"'Till you can bear to think of me only as a friend and sister.'"

Such orders, however, are more easily issued than persevered in or obeyed, and Peveril continues his suit till the father, Bridgenorth, suddenly appears. Besides his personal reasons for visiting the island, the conspiracy to overwhelm the Countess of Derby is a powerful motive; and we have a good many details on that sort of event which Lord Thurlow ludicrously designated as a storm in a wash-hand basin. He does not however discourage Julian's hopes; but on the contrary endeavours to win him over by them to espouse the cause in which he is engaged. This involves all the intricacies of the memorable Popish Plots which disgraced our history from about 1660 downwards. But before we endeavour to thread those mazes, in so far as the story is concerned, we must introduce to notice the most remarkable personage in the Novel. This is a female page, or attendant upon the Countess of Derby, and a diversity of the Gilpin Horner, or Human-elfin species.

. . . "This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore, (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form,) set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ancles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

"This pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the Countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and in-

genious a draughts woman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelly, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still shew the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of Calligraphy.

"The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favourite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

"But, though happy in the indulgence and favour of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favourite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated perhaps by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the Earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to display itself in language, had something even frightful, so singular were the tones, contortions, and gestures, to which she had recourse. The lower domestics, to whom she was liberal almost beyond her apparent means, observed her with much deference and respect, but much more from fear than from any real attachment; for the caprices of her temper displayed themselves even in her gifts; and those who most frequently shared her bounty, seemed by no means assured of the benevolence of the motives which dictated her liberality.

"All these peculiarities led to a conclusion consonant with Manx superstition. Devout believers in all the legends of fairies so dear to the Celtic tribes, the Manx people held it for certainty that the elves were in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of the new born babe one of their own brood, which was almost always imperfect in some one or other of the organs proper to humanity. Such a being they conceived Fenella to be; and the smallness of her size, her dark complexion, her long locks of silken hair, the singularity of her manners and tones, as well as the caprices of her temper, were to their thinking all attributes of the irritable, fickle, and dangerous race from which they supposed her to be sprung. And it seemed, that although no jest appeared to offend her more than when Lord Derby called her in sport the Elfin Queen, or otherwise alluded to her supposed connexion with 'the pygmy folk,' yet still her perpetually affecting to wear the colour of green, proper to the fairies, as well as some other peculiarities, seemed voluntarily assumed by her, in order to countenance the superstition, perhaps because it gave her more authority among the lower orders.

"Many were the tales circulated respecting the Countess's *Elf*, as Fenella was currently called in the island; and the malcontents of the stricter persuasion were convinced,

that no one but a Papist and a malignant would have kept near her person a creature of such doubtful origin. They conceived that Fenella's deafness and dumbness were only towards those of this world, and that she had been heard talking, and singing, and laughing, most divishly, with the invisibles of her own race. They alleged, also that she had a *Double*, a sort of apparition resembling her, which slept in the Countess's anti-room, or bore her train, or wrought in her cabinet, while the real Fenella joined the song of the mermaids on the moonlight sands, or the dance of the fairies in the haunted valley of Glenmoy, or on the heights of Snawfell and Barool. The sentinels, too, would have sworn they had seen the little maiden trip past them in her solitary night walks, without their having it in their power to challenge her, any more than if they had been as mute as herself. To all this mass of absurdities, the better informed paid no more attention than to the usual idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supernatural."

VOLCANIC ISLAND OF SANTORINI.

On the 23d of May, 1707, the beginning of a new island was observed from Scaro and the whole coast of Santorini, between the Great and the Little Kammeni. Those who first perceived this phenomenon, took it for the remains of a wreck that might be very profitable; but how great was their astonishment, in finding a mass of rocks rising from the bottom of the waters, and extending over their surface! The prodigy was preceded by an earthquake, which spread such consternation among the inhabitants, as fully justified the unvarying tradition of every former disaster. Curiosity, however, soon succeeded to apprehension, and some Greeks had the daring boldness to land on this new isle. They found it covered with a stone very white and soft; but what was more remarkable, they found also a great quantity of live oysters, o which hardly any had ever been seen in Santorini. While they were occupied in gathering them, they perceived the earth to move, rise under their feet, and bear them with it. Terrified, they leaped into their boat; and a few days afterwards the new island was observed to have increased twenty feet in height, and almost double in breadth. For two months this island continued to receive new accumulations, which sometimes, however, were presently lost. Enormous rocks, borne upon the waters, appeared, disappeared, and re-appearing, at length united to the island, and increased its size. But a more terrible and a more awful phænomenon was yet to be observed.

In the month of July, a chain of black and calcined rocks appeared suddenly, at about six paces from the White island that had already risen from the sea. This was presently succeeded by a thick and whitish smoke, that diffused a dreadful infection. Wherever this venomous emanation penetrated, the silver and copper were blackened, and the inhabitants suffered the most violent head-aches, attended with vomitings. Some days after, the adjacent waters became hot and boiling, and a great quantity of dead fish were found on the shore. A horrible noise was heard in the bowels of the earth, long streams of flame issued from the sea, and the rocks thrown out from this bed of fire were heaped together, and united to the first island, which, notwithstanding, continued for some time to preserve its whiteness. From that instant, the mouth of the volcano incessantly disgorged torrents of fire and burning rocks. A shower of stones and pumice-stones covered the sea and all the neighbouring isles. If we may believe the Greeks, these substances were carried as far as Asia Minor, the Dardanelles, and even into Macedonia. The inhabitants of Santorini sought an asylum in every cavern; while this desolating shower destroyed, burnt, and buried all the produc-

tions of the earth. Not one durst remain in the castle of Scaro, which, by its situation on a steep rock, was every moment in danger of being swallowed up.

Can one imagine a scene at once so magnificent and dreadful as the reiterated crashes and horrible roarings of subterranean thunder, enormous rocks hurled to the very clouds, torrents of sulphur colouring the waters, and rivers of fire mantling the surface of a boiling sea? These awful operations of nature were almost continual during the course of a year. At length the fires abated their violence, and a very thick smoke was the only indication that remained of this terrible eruption.

On the 15th of July, 1708, the Jesuit, from whom we have taken this interesting detail, had courage enough to examine the still threatening theatre of such a variety of phenomena. We shall present the result of his enterprise in his own words:*—

"We had taken care to be provided with a shallop, well caulked, into the clefts of which tow was forcibly stuffed. As we had agreed to land, if possible, we rowed directly to the island, by a side where the sea did not boil, but where, however, it emitted much smoke. The moment we entered this exhalation, we felt a suffocating heat; and, putting our hands into the water, we found it scalding. We were, notwithstanding, half a mile from the place where we proposed to land; and, there being no probability of our succeeding on that side, we steered for the point the most distant from the great mouth, and by which the island had always lengthened. The fires yet raging, and the sea swelling with great bubblings, we were obliged to take a long circuit. Still we felt a great heat; but, having made some progress, we had now leisure to observe the space between the Great and the Little Kaumeni. I found it much wider than I had imagined; and by the eye I judged that a galley might row through its narrowest part. Thence we made for the Great Kammeni, where we had the opportunity of observing the exact length of the island, and particularly of the side which we had been unable to see from Scaro. The island, of an oblong form, might then be 200 feet at its greatest height, upwards of 1000 at its greatest breadth, and about five miles in circumference.

"After having employed more than an hour in surveying the surrounding scenes, we were desirous of approaching the island, and of attempting once more to land on that part, which I remarked to have been long called the White Islands. For many months past this part had remained in the same state, without any accumulation of substances, or appearance of fire or smoke. When we were within 200 paces of our landing-place, we put our hands into the water, and perceived that it became whiter the nearer we approached. We threw out the sounding line, the whole length of which, ninety-five fathoms, was employed, without being able to find the bottom. While we were deliberating whether we should proceed any further, the great mouth began to play with its wonted violence and impetuosity. To complete our misfortune, a brisk wind drove towards us the cloud of ashes and smoke, that issued from the volcano; and happy we thought ourselves that it discharged not heavier substances. It would have been laughable to have observed our condition after the shower of ashes with which we were covered; but not one of us had any inclination to be merry. We thought of nothing but to make our escape as speedily as possible, and we effected it very seasonably. Scarce had we proceeded a mile and a half from the island than the volcano raged with greater fury, and threw quantities of burning stones on the very place we had just quitted. Besides, on landing at Santorini, our mariners pointed out to us the condition of our shallop, which every where began to open, the great heat of the

* Missions du Levant, Tom. i. p. 157.

water having melted almost all the pitch."

The ten succeeding years, the volcano frequently renewed its eruptions. At present it is in a state of inaction, which, perhaps, is only the presage of still greater revolutions. The water is no where hot, nor are even any exhalations observed; but quantities of sulphur and bitumen ooze from the sides of the volcano, and, swimming upon the surface of the waters without mingling with them, variously colour them according to the nature and quality of the bituminous matter.

A SINGULAR POST OBIT.

One of the most difficult things in the world, is to make a man or woman perform an action after he or she be dead; and to use a dead hand or a dead tongue, is a very daring attempt. Such things are nevertheless, occasionally done. Sometimes with a roguish intention, by a substitution of false wills, and other false deeds; and sometimes in innocent ignorance, in order to preserve peace and good-will among friends and neighbours.

For the last-mentioned good purpose, I have heard a little anecdote concerning Miss Wilkes, well known thoughout England, as the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes of political notoriety.

After the death of her father, she continued to dwell in his house in Grosvenor Square, and being a woman of large fortune, she lived among the great, in the pompous interchange of balls and parties, and all the grand displays of fashionable hospitality. The guests were all invited: she had prepared the sumptuous gala; the festive board was spread; when, on the morning of the day, whose evening close was to have resounded with shouts of joy, the world was closed upon her darkened sight, and amid the splendid preparations which adorned her chambers she sunk a lifeless clod.

The consternation occasioned by the awful change, filled the house with dismay; and after the feelings which such events never fail to produce in every mind, where in some degree overcome, and the wailings for a kind mistress were somewhat checked, the domestics were much perplexed to know how they were to inform the invited guests of the dreadful calamity which had happened in the family. After consulting among themselves, it was determined that the properest person to undertake such a task, was the lady's own woman; but a still greater perplexity arose, in determining how the task was to be executed. For a woman who was only a waiting-maid, to presume to write to lords and ladies and squires of high degree, was quite out of character; so they at last agreed *nem. con.* that their mistress should speak once more for herself; and they united their inventions, and indited the following card, which, as no time was to be lost, they multiplied for delivery, by calling on every one who could guide a pen, to copy and re-copy.

"Miss Wilkes presents her compliments to ——— and is very sorry that she cannot have the honour to receive him, her, or them, this evening, having had the honour to die at twelve o'clock."

ESSAY ON COPYHOLD TENURES.

In an enquiry as to the origin of English tenures, we should commence at the period when the feudal system was established at the time of the Norman conquest. Before that period, no regular system of possession existed, the lands being parcelled out, and each distinct territory held by a chief, who possessed it as a birth-right descended to him from his ancestors. These chiefs had their respective clans or followers, and were looked up to by them as princes. The clans and their leaders being bred up to arms, were naturally of courageous and ambitious dispositions; the chieftain looked around him with a jealous eye, and was always fearful of the encroachments of his neighbours; the most va-

hant and powerful were therefore most secure in the enjoyment of their possessions, and justice yielded to force of arms.

But the Conqueror, in establishing his new kingdom, established likewise his Norman laws. He distributed the greatest part of it amongst his nobles and generals, giving to some a considerable portion, and to some less; rewarding each according to his services. Having thus divided the kingdom, he completed his Domesday Book, in which were registered all the lands as thus divided, with the names of the lords or proprietors. This book is still to be seen in the Exchequer; and at this day, if any question arise as to existence of a manor, it must be decided by the evidence contained in Domesday Book.

These proprietors being settled in their respective territories, which were denominated their lordships or baronies, after retaining a sufficient quantity of land for their own purposes, distributed the remainder in small portions amongst their soldiers and followers; and each of these held his portion uninterruptedly, and in a perfect state of freedom, under a species of tenures called Frank-tenure, and were thus distinguished from the natives, who at the commencement of the feudal system were considered and treated by their lords as little better than slaves, possessing nothing for which they were not indebted to the the bounty of their lords; and such portions as were held by the natives, (consisting chiefly of waste lands) were held under a species of tenure called base tenure. A distinction was therefore made between the tenants; the followers of the lord were called free-tenants, and the natives were called villeins. Courts for distributing justice to the tenants were established in each territory or manor; every individual was accountable to the lord for his conduct, and the lord himself was accountable to the king. The free-tenants considered it a disgrace to be intermixed with the villeins, and even thought it beneath them to intermarry with the villeins. Two courts were therefore established, one was called the Freeman's Court, or Court Baron, and the other was called the Court of Villeins. A jury composed of freeman attended the Court Baron for redressing grievances among the free-tenants, who were thus tried by their peers, but the villeins were looked upon in so despicable a light, that they were not allowed to compose a jury, and were wholly subject to the will and caprice of the lord, who presided as a judge in both courts. Hence we may trace the custom which exists in most manors, where the Court Baron is first called on, and immediately afterwards the business of the Court Leet is disposed of. In these courts, not only private injuries were redressed, but crimes of every description were taken cognizance of.

As the tenants held their possessions by the favor of their lords, it was but just that they should render certain services unto him: the free tenant therefore was bound by an oath to attend the court of his lord, to possess a complete suit of armour, to be ready at all times to defend the manor of his lord, and to attend him in rendering service to his country in time of war. The villein was to perform the menial offices of his lord, and to cultivate and plough his lands; and hence we may trace the custom existing in some few manors, where the tenant at certain seasons attends with a plough on the land of the lord, merely to preserve the custom.

The lands of the free tenant generally continued in his family, descending to the heir according to the custom of the manor, and seldom reverted back to the grantor, unless upon failure of issue. But very different was the case of the villein; he so far from having any claim or property in the land, was considered as annexed to it, and he, together with the land, were at the absolute disposal of the lord, who nevertheless, frequently as a matter of favour to the descendants of those who had served him faithfully, gave them the estate held by their ancestors, upon condition of their attending his court, and acknowledging in

right, not only to the lands, but also to the goods and chattels of the ancestor. This they accordingly did, and prayed the Lord to grant the same to them. Upon the lord's doing this, it was customary to pay a fine in money, as a consideration for his favour in granting the descendants the lands, and the lord was also to choose a heriot, which consisted of the best ox, or other beast his deceased tenant possessed at the time of his death; or if he did not die possessed of cattle, he chose a piece of plate, or the best dead good he could find, as a consideration for restoring the chattels. Hence the custom which now exists of paying a fine upon being admitted to a copyhold estate, and of a heriot being due in some manors upon the death of the lord's tenant. These gifts were very frequently made by the lords to the descendants of the villeins, and consequently in time so far ripened into custom, that the lord granted them as a matter of course, to such of the relations of the deceased as he chose: hence also, the various customs which exist as to the heir; the estate in some manors descending to the youngest son, in exclusion of the eldest, sometimes to all the sons, and in the manor of Taunton the widow succeeds in exclusion of all the children.

Upon the death of the tenant, the heir, or person entitled, attended the court, whereupon he was admitted by the lord, who delivered him a rod as a symbol of possession; immediately afterwards the tenant paid the fine, and took the oath of fealty, the form of which is as follows: "You shall swear that as to the tenements to which you have been now admitted, you will be a true and faithful tenant to the lord of this manor—So help you God." The tenant's admission was then entered on the court rolls, a copy of which admission he retained in his own possession, and he then became the new tenant of his lord, and upon his performing the fixed and settled services he was permitted to retain the possession; but upon his breaking the customs, the estate became immediately forfeited to the lord, as the conditions upon which the tenant held it were broken. Hence the custom of estates becoming forfeited on non-payment of the fine, after proclamation three several times in the court for the heir to come in and be admitted; cutting timber and granting leases without license, and a variety of other conditions according to the different customs.

As the kingdom became more firmly established, and as unions between the free tenants and villeins became frequent, and laws were frequently made favouring the condition of the latter, this custom of granting an estate to the descendants of the tenant became fixed and permanent, so that it was not in the power of the lord to deprive the customary heir of the estate of his ancestor, upon his performing the accustomed services, and in process of time, the lord likewise allowed his tenant to sell or alienate his land, upon condition, however, of his first surrendering it into the hands of his lord, who thereupon re-granted it to the person nominated by the tenant, who, upon admission, paid a fine, and became in all respects subject to the will and services of the lord.

The ancient distinction between the free and base tenure however continued, though in a remote degree, until the reign of Charles the Second, in whose reign that important statute was made reducing the tenures to one general state of species of tenure called free and common socage, reserving the ancient custom of admission by copy of court roll and the payment of fines and heriots, and this custom has continued without any alteration until the present day, the services being all fixed and settled, or commuted by the payment of a trifling quit rent, and the heriot is now very seldom demanded. The fine however is still exacted with a degree of severity most probably unknown in former times; and the only reason that this can be accounted for, is, that the fines are mostly of very considerable value: the custom of paying it is certainly absurd as those which have been abolished; and where this payment of

the fine depends upon the will of the lord, a great hardship falls on those who are called upon to pay it.

A copyhold tenant it will be seen then, holds his tenure by copy of court roll, at the will of the lord, according to the custom of the manor. He cannot sell it without first surrendering it into the hands of the lord, to be by him re-granted to the purchaser, nor could the tenant (until an act was brought into parliament by Sir Samuel Romilly) even bequeath his estate without first of all surrendering it into the hands of the lord, to the use of his (the tenant's) last will and testament. It were to be wished that when the causes which gave rise to the establishment of a law or custom have ceased to exist, the law and custom itself should be repealed. No one can presume to say that the present system of copyhold tenure is either useful or necessary; and when oppression exists with absurdity, it is much to be lamented, that amongst the wise men in England, none can be found who will endeavour either singly or in conjunction with others to arrest its future progress, by framing a statute to reduce the various species of tenure to one uniform and simple state, so as to be somewhat more intelligible than it is at present. To shew that oppression does exist, let it be supposed, that an individual possessed of a copyhold estate wished to bequeath it to his wife for her life; on her decease to his (the testator's) brother for his life; on the brother's decease, to his wife for life, and on her decease to several of her children for life, in remainder after the decease of each other. The fine upon admission on the death of a person is in general assessed at two years' rent. Here then might be a succession of deaths, by which the lord, by receiving fines on each admission, would receive perhaps three times the value of the estate, and few of the parties might receive any benefit. The writer of these lines actually knew an instance of a person framing his will in the manner above stated; and although perhaps the testator would have bequeathed the estate in a different manner had he considered the probability of a multiplicity of fines becoming payable, yet this instance is sufficient to shew, that persons, to prevent the payment of a number of fines, may be induced to bequeath their property to those, who under different circumstances never would have been partakers of their bounty.

POETRY.

WINTER SCENES.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

How keen and ruthless is the storm!
Stern Winter in its hitt'rest form!
Long cheerless nights and murky days,
No sun-beam gladdens Mis'ry's ways;
The frost has stopped yon village mill,
And labour every where stands still;
Even birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn—
No more in Spring to greet the morn,
Or build their nests in yonder thorn!
Loud howls the wind along the vale!
Shipwreck and death are in the gale!
Lorn, weary trav'llers as they go,
Are 'wildered in the trackless snow,
Groping, in tearful dread, between
Deceitful ice, and gulfs unseen;
Least after all the dangers past
The last and step should be their last!
To town or city if we turn
What numbers weep! what numbers mourn!
Unsheiter'd sons of toil and care,
Cold, shivering, comfortless, and bare.
Poor seamen erst in battle brave,
Half tarnish'd, sinking to the grave;
Sad grooms, who never begged before,
Imploring aid from door to door!
Whole helpless age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing for want at home!

Hard fate, when poverty and years
Assail us in this vale of tears,
Till Death, the dismal scene to close,
In pity terminates our woes!
Oh! ye, whom Providence hath blest
With wealth to succour the distrest,
Oh, lend your help in time of need!
The naked clothe—the hungry feed—
And great from Heaven shall be your meed